



JAVA FREE PRESS



BAG CHIP BIRD

SERIES BOX SET

WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

CHILDREN'S FICTION





Published by Java Free Press
Indonesia

Archive Edition 2026

Written by William Dirk Mayberry

Illustrations by Geinisa P.

This work is released in various formats for open-access archival preservation and personal reading.

Copyright © William Dirk Mayberry

All rights reserved by the author.

This edition may be freely shared in unmodified form for non-commercial archival and personal use.

This work is presented as part of the Java Free Press archive collection.

Archive source:

archive.org/@william_mayberry

Contents

1. Bag Chip Bird a day in the life	2
2. Bag Chip Bird goes to the sea	24
3. Bag Chip Bird goes to the tip	39
4. Bag Chip Bird and the big bushfire	53
5. Bag Chip Bird goes to the zoo	68
About the author	82
About the Illustrator	83
Java Free Press Archive	84



JAVA FREE PRESS



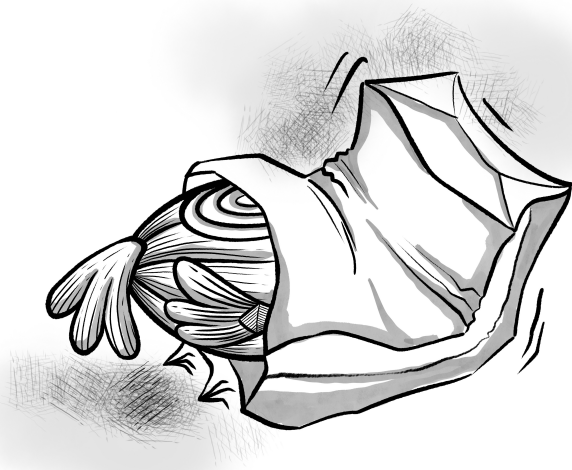
BAG CHIP BIRD

A DAY IN THE LIFE
OF BAG CHIP BIRD

WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

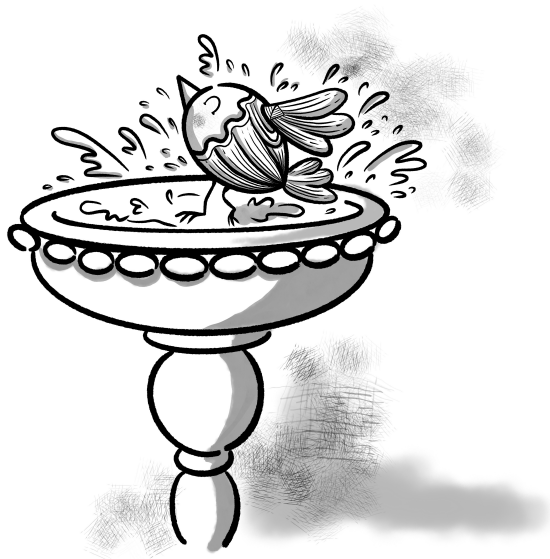
CHILDREN'S FICTION

Bag Chip Bird a day in the life





As I walked along the boardwalk, I could see that there was about to be another storm.



A storm to me was an opportunity for a bathe, a birdbath. Quite suitable,
as this is what I was, a bird.



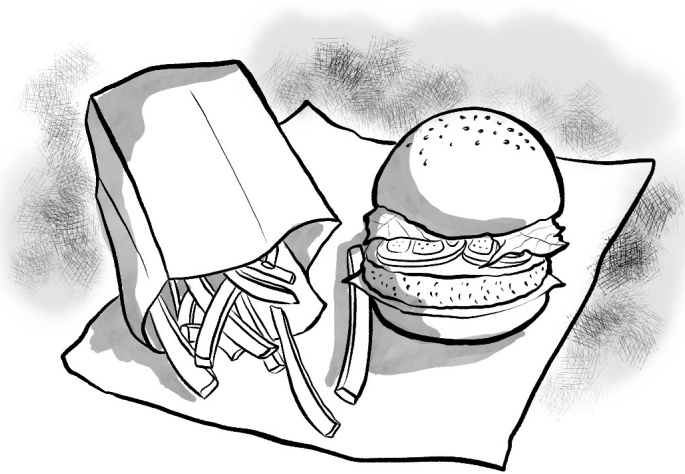
Blessed with the ability to fly, soar above the buildings, the trees, the people, and quite often danger. Life as a bird was really, quite simple.



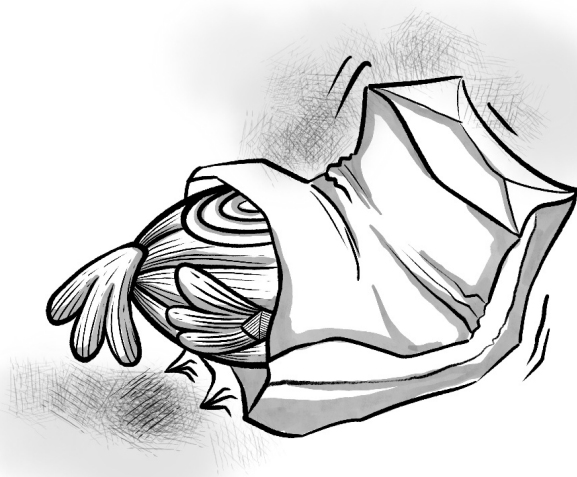
It involved finding safe shelter, food and water. That was it, nothing more.



You lived your life as best you can and then one day, well it's a car, a bad person, a cat or sometimes even a dog, sometimes you just get sick and then they say you get to land in that big tree in the sky.



My name is Michael, but I am called Bag Chip to everyone. You know that lonely little chip that people don't want that's left in the bottom of the brown paper chip bag.



I can literally survive on that chip for two days. Next thing you know, the others called me Bag Chip, and as nicknames often do, the name stuck.



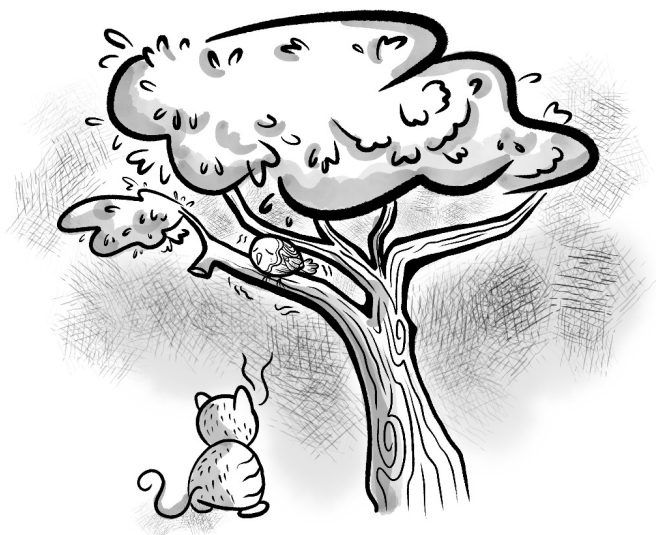
I am so hungry, but I have no time to eat. It's time to bathe. I found a puddle. Not too deep, not too shallow, and it's in an open space so I can watch for cats.



I don't like cats. They are scary, they bite and claw, and their second favourite food is, you guessed it, birds.



I have heard that their favourite of all food is a mouse. I have never met a mouse, not even spoken to one, but I must say, I am not impressed. For a start, a mouse has no feathers, so not to be trusted. They hurry along, always looking sneaky and sly. They smell, oh how bad do they smell? And the worst thing of all, they attract snakes. Another thing I don't like, and yes, worst of all, is they attract cats.



A mouse, to a cat, is like an entree. They gobble the unfortunate little mouse up, and then, watching from a tree, you can almost see the moment when the cat thinks, I know I need something more main course.

I know, a bird.



Then the cat spots a bird in the tree, and well, we all know about cats, you see, they can climb trees. Once, my long-time mate Cheese Wrapper, or just Cheesy to his mates, was stalked for almost three hours by a cat.

Then, just when he thought the cat had lost interest and was gone, it pounced, and Cheesy was off to land in that big tree in the sky.



After my cat-free bath, I flew up to the top of the streetlamp. From there you could watch the people walk around. They're funny, those people, but very kind. Well, most of them.



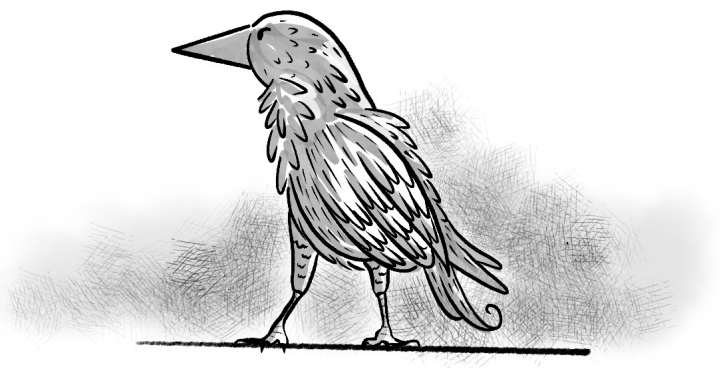
They come in all kinds of sizes and shapes. Birds are simple, different species, but the male is always nice looking. The female is generally a light colour or with colours like the male but not as bright. People are all sorts of shapes, sizes, colours, and heights. The big ones tend to eat more and drop more crumbs, scraps and, yes, bag chips, mmmm.



The skinny ones are very stingy, and they don't eat much, so no crumbs, scraps, or bag chips. They are also always in a hurry, running or walking with their dogs. You never see any walking their cats, though. These big people, though, that's where the food is at.



Once while we were all waiting for some kind person to leave us our lunch, this big person walked off to their car and forgot their hamburger. So it was just left there on the seat. Myself, Cheesy, Pickle, Cupcake and Cherry had ourselves a feast. It was great, at least until Bill the Crow turned up. They are big birds crows, and we all stay away from them.



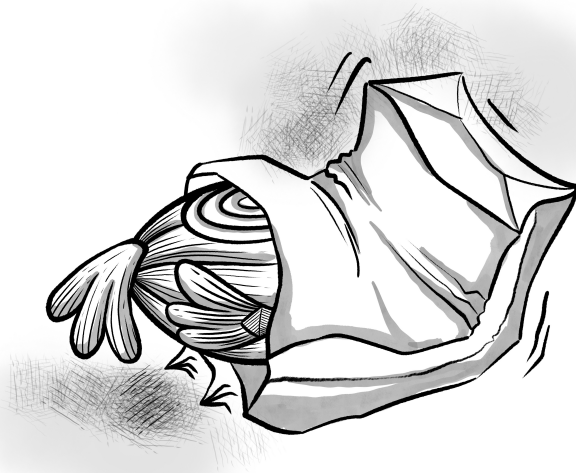
They have this huge pointed beak that can hurt if they peck at you. I've never been pecked by a crow, but I know a few birds who have. They don't advise it.



Anyway, that's about a day in my life. It's getting dark now, so time to find a nice safe place to sleep and dream about worms.



I have some other stories, but they are for another day. Just remember, next time you have some chips, leave a few in the bag for your old mate Bag Chip and thank you.



The End



JAVA FREE PRESS



BAG CHIP BIRD

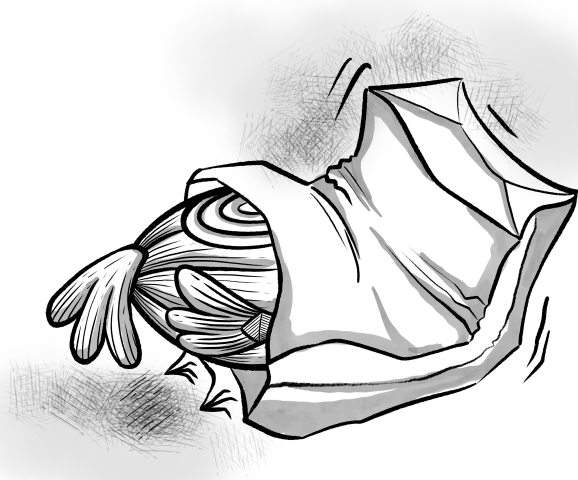
BAG CHIP BIRD
GOES TO THE SEA

WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

CHILDREN'S FICTION

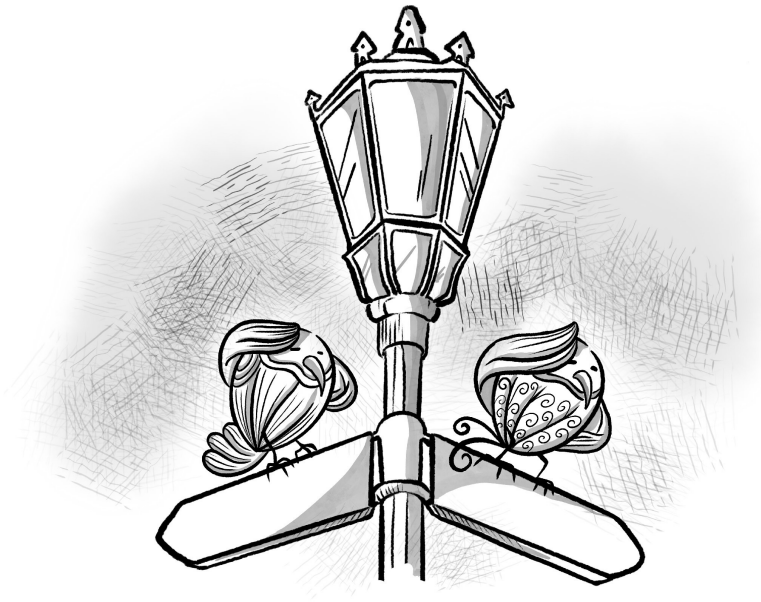


Bag Chip Bird goes to the sea

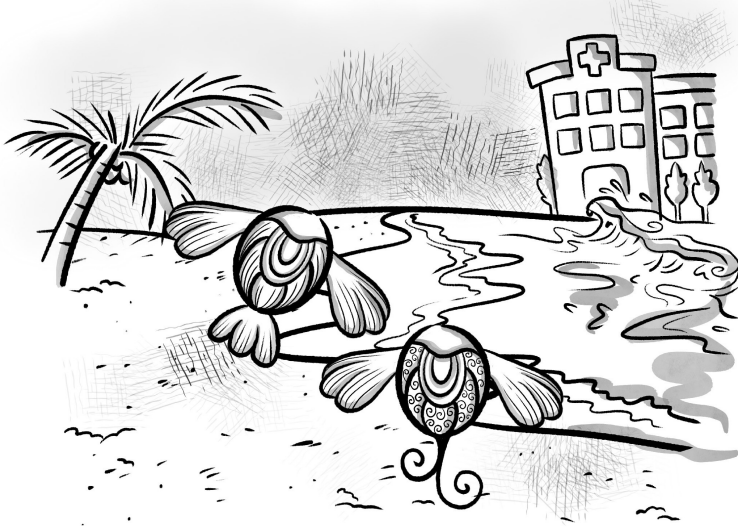




I was fast asleep on the window ledge dreaming about worms. Actually, I was just about to eat a big fat juicy worm when I was awoken by my mate Cherry. “hey Bag Chip, wake up, wake up, wake up“. Chery had just found out his auntie was in hospital down at the coast. You guessed it, bird flu. So anyway, Cherry would visit her and asked me if I would like to go with him. “Hmmm, alright,” I said. I had a few friends down the coast I hadn’t seen for a while, and it would be good to see Cherry’s auntie as well.



We had a little trick to save us from flying to get to the coast. We were only little birds, and a long trip would take us days, but we worked out a way to make the journey in an hour. We waited on a lamp post near some traffic lights for a truck on its way to the coast. We flew down and hopped in the back as soon as we saw one. We just sat in the back chatting till we got to the coast, and then we flew out. So people have public transport, and our birds have birdlic transport, and it's free.



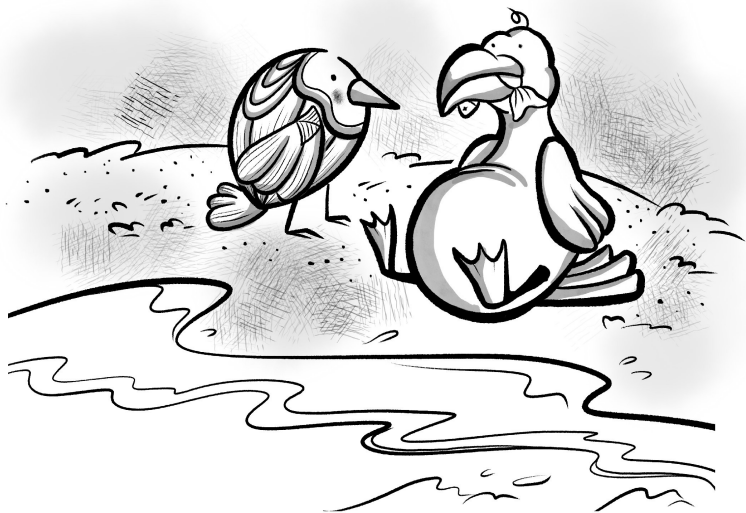
After a nice ride down the coast, we finally arrived at the Hospital. When we went in, they told Cherry that due to Covid, only one visitor was allowed. I didn't want to make a fuss, so I told Cherry to say hi to his Auntie form, and we could meet up at the big mango tree near the beach in a couple of hours. Cherry agreed, and we went our separate ways.



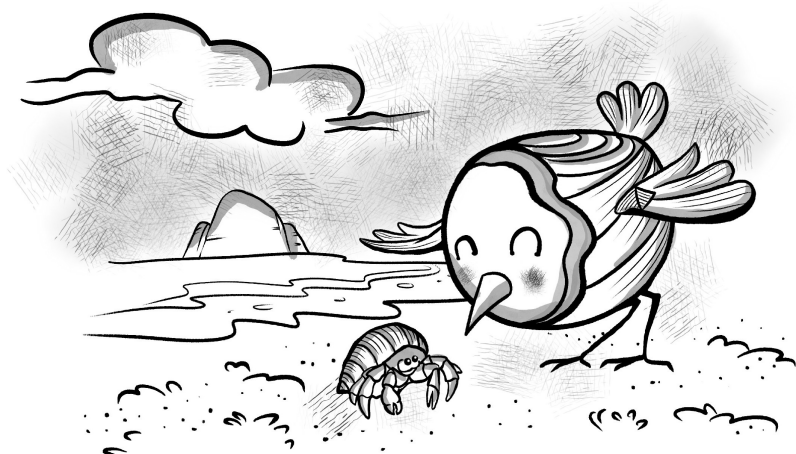
It had been a while since I had been to the beach, and I forgot how sandy it was and smelly with seaweed. But I wasn't about to let that get in my way of seeing some old mates. After all, this was their home.



As I walked down to the water, I could hear a familiar voice. It was Crabby, my old mate. “How are you,” I said. “not bad, but I haven’t had breakfast yet, and it’s almost lunchtime. Walking up and down this beach looking for food would be easier if I didn’t have to do it sideways“. “Oh,” I said, “ you should try flying, he he he“. “don’t be silly, Bag Chip, crabs, can’t fly,” said Crabby. He was always complaining and in a grumpy mood, but he had a point, walking sideways your whole life would be annoying.



After I spoke to Crabby for a bit, I walked down the beach for a bit and there he was, Steven. Steven was a seagull, and I knew his cousin from home. “Hi Steven, how are you,” I said. Steven was surprised to see me and said, “Oh my god, Bag Chip, is that you? It is, it is. I am just having some lunch, not enough for you though, mine, mine, mine” Seagulls were a funny breed of bird, nice as long as you didn’t want any of their food. They always ended each sentence with “mine, mine, mine.”



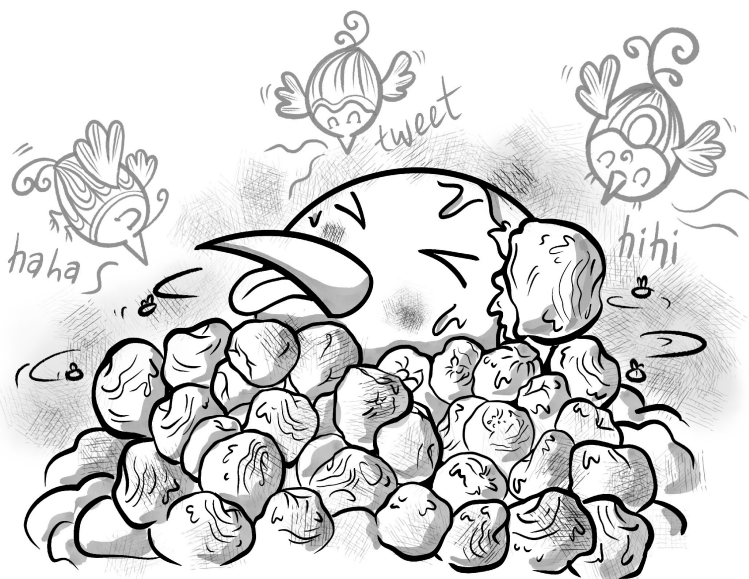
After talking with Steven for a while, I started to walk toward the fish and chip shop. “Oi Bag Chip, my old mate, good to see you,” said Harry, the hermit crab. “Hey Harry, I see you’ve upgraded your house. Looks amazing,” I said. Harry had grown a bit since I last saw him, so he had to move out of his old shell house and find a bigger one. He was very happy with his choice, and his new shell house was beautiful. This trip turned into a reunion of old friends. I was having a great day, but it was about to get a lot better.



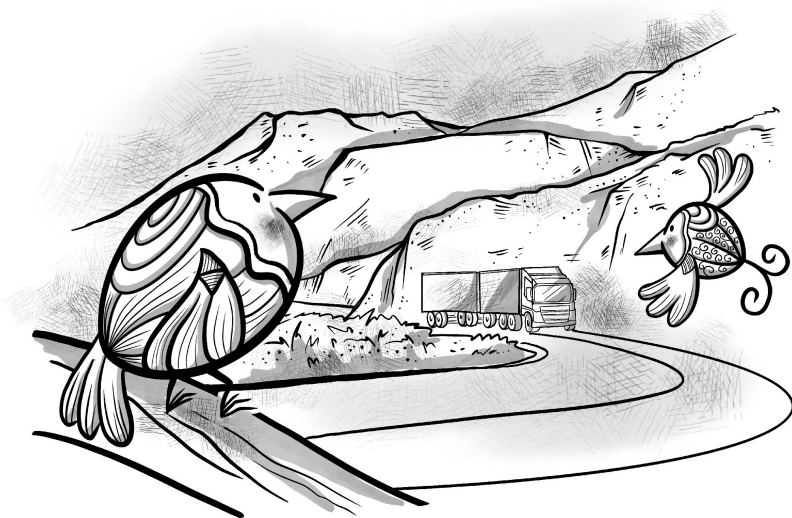
With all this walking and talking, I was getting a bit hungry, so I said bye to Harry and flew up to the Fish and Chip shop. I was really happy to catch up with all my old friends. As I got to the fish and chip shop, I noticed someone had just put an almost bag of chips in the bin. They must have been too full after their fish to finish them, lucky for me. Also lucky is that Steven and his mates hadn't noticed them. It was the best lunch I have had in weeks.



After lunch, it was time for me to fly up to a cat-free and safe branch on the old big mango tree next to the fish and chip shop. But, oh my, I was so full I could hardly fly up to the branch. As planned, I would wait here for Cherry to return from visiting his aunty in the Hospital.



Cherry was a good mate, and well, you may be thinking, how did he get his name?. Well, one day, we were all hanging out at the back of the fruit shop, and the owner, this short tubby guy called George, threw a perfectly good box of cherries in the bin, or so we thought. Unfortunately, cherry had flown headfirst into them before we could investigate and he disappeared. The problem for Cherry was that they were all rotten, and when he finally climbed his way out of the box, he was the same colour as the cherries from all the rotten ripe cherry juice. That's how he got his nickname. Oh, and by the way, it took him nine bird baths to get rid of the smell and the colour from the rotten cherry juice. I remember that day well because I had a sore stomach from laughing so much.



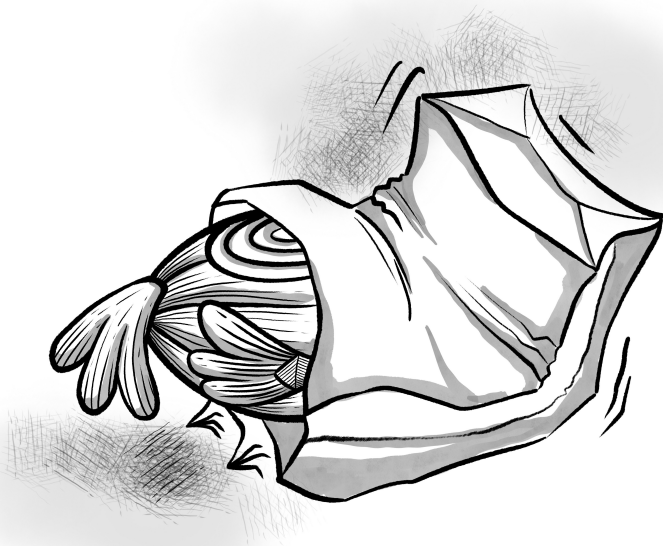
After about an hour, cherry showed up, and we both waited for a truck to ride home in. He didn't need any lunch as he said he shared lunch with his auntie. He said she would be fine, and the doctor said his auntie would make a full recovery.



After an hour, we arrived back home. It was a long day and great to catch up with all my friends at the beach. But, it was also great to be back in my old sleeping spot, safe from cats and ready to start sleeping and dreaming about those fat tasty worms. I love worms.



I have some other stories, but they are for another day. Just remember, next time you have some chips, leave a few in the bag for your old mate Bag Chip and thank you.



The End



JAVA FREE PRESS



BAG CHIP BIRD

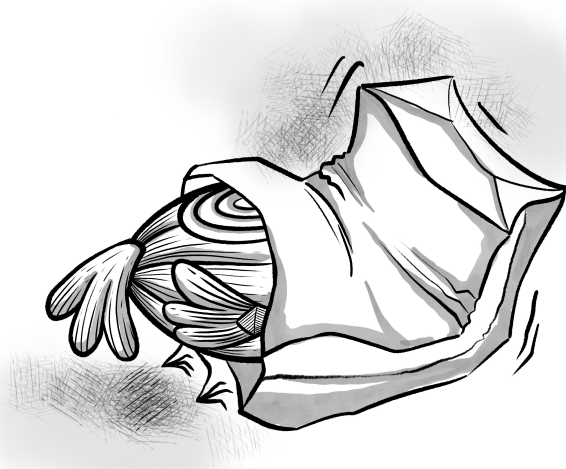
BAG CHIP BIRD
GOES TO THE TIP

WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

CHILDREN'S FICTION



Bag Chip Bird goes to the tip

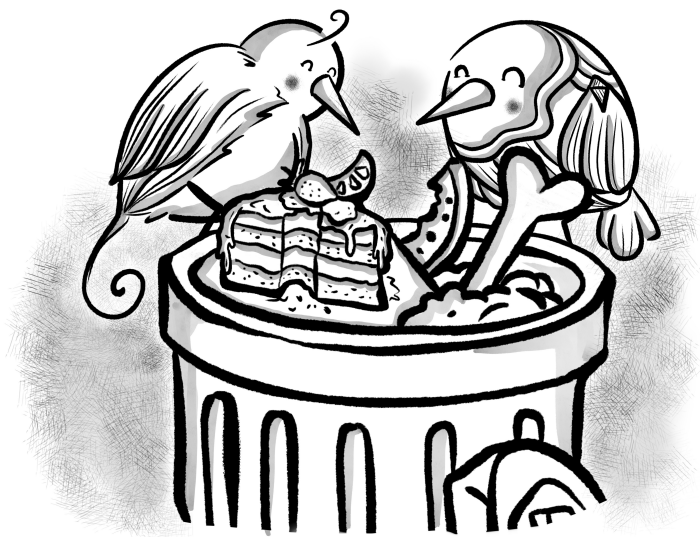




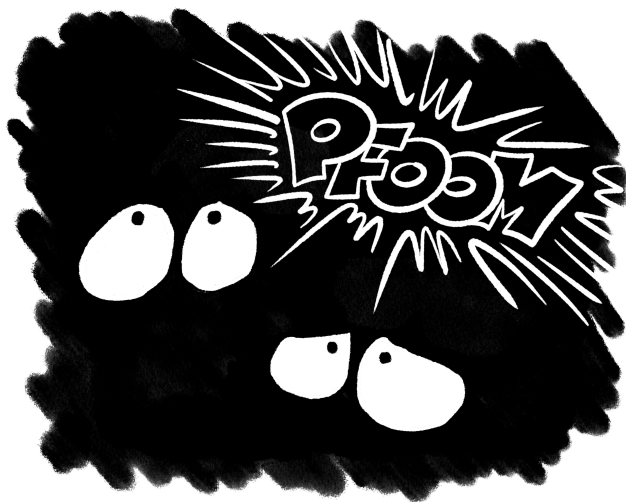
This story is about me and my friend Pickle. Interesting nickname and this is how Pickle got his. One day we were visiting the tip and our friends there. The tip is a place where the people put all their rubbish. As you already know people must love rubbish because they make so much of it. At the tip, the people pile up all the rubbish and then bury it. I think they try to grow it in the ground but they aren't very good at it.



So this day at the tip, pickle saw a carrot in a jar, but it wasn't any old jar, it was a pickle jar. The funny bit was, that the carrot was at the bottom of the jar so he had to put his whole head into the jar to get it out. His head got stuck and he walked around with the jar on his head for about ten minutes before he could work it loose and get his head out. While his whole head was in the bottle it was covered in the pickle sauce. It took him a few bird baths to get clean himself but he smelt like pickles for many weeks and that is how he got his name.



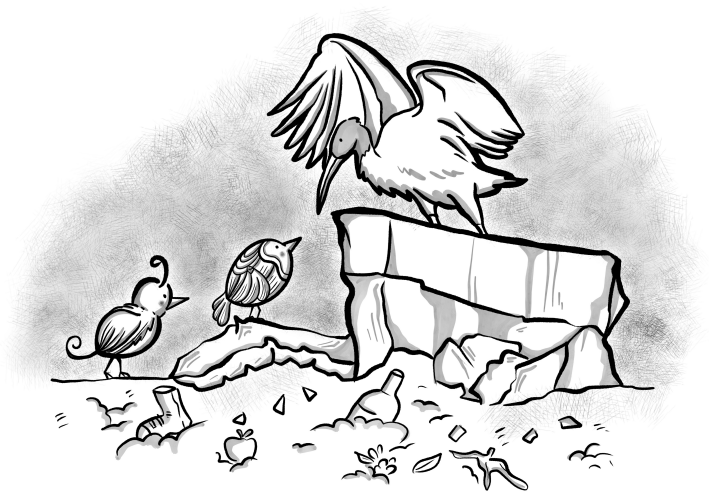
My story today starts with myself and pickle very hungry. We were sitting on a lamp pole and a person had just put some leftover cake into a bin. We did a quick check for cats. No cats! Crows, no crows! so we flew down into the bin and started to have our delicious yummy cake.



We were so busy trying to eat all the cake, we didn't notice the garbage man's truck pull up. He hopped out and before we knew it everything went black as he put the lid on the bin. We were trapped. Trapped with a nice piece of cake, but trapped nonetheless.



We knew we were in a truck and the ride only took a few minutes but eventually, the truck stopped, our bin was lifted up and as the lid came off we flew out. We were surprised at our new destination, the tip. What an adventure. I had a few friends here but the best bit was the tip was full of people's rubbish and that meant the best thing of all for a bird, free food.



Myself and Pickle were having a feast, full of cake from our bin ride but a bird always has room for more food and the tip was full of yummy food the people didn't want anymore. Just then I noticed an old friend of mine I hadn't seen for years. It was Barry the Bin Chicken. Barry was a White Ibis which is a very beautiful bird but due to the drought he had to move into the city to find food and he also used to hang out at the tip. The same size as a chicken, barry use to pull food out of the city bins to eat and that's how he got his name, Bin Chicken.



After talking with Barry, I flew over to a new area and was surprised to see my friend who also lived at the tip, Sam. Sam was a seagull but not just any old seagull. He was Steven's cousin. You remember Steven Seagull, whom I told you about when I went to the coast with Cherry. "I saw Steven a few weeks ago Sam" I said. "oh, how is he, mine, mine, mine" asked Sam. "Very well and eating lots of beach fish. I was down the coast the other week visiting Cherry's auntie who had the bird flu, but she made a full recovery" I said. After chatting with Sam for a while I flew over to Pickle who was very excited.



When I landed near Pickle, he was having a great time as amongst all the rubbish he had found a broken box of bird seed. I was getting very full but managed to share some with him. It was delicious.



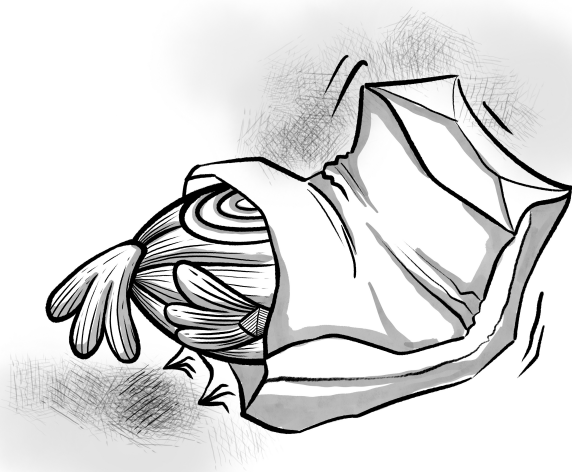
As the sun was going down we thought it would be a good idea to fly home before it got dark. It wasn't far but we had to fly over some hills and back to the city. Landing at our favourite safe place we thought about what an amazing day we had and what would happen tomorrow, You never know!



Anyway, it's getting dark now, so time to sleep again and dream about worms.



I have some other stories, but they are for another day. Just remember, next time you have some chips, leave a few in the bag for me, your old mate Bag Chip and thank you.



The End



JAVA FREE PRESS



BAG CHIP BIRD

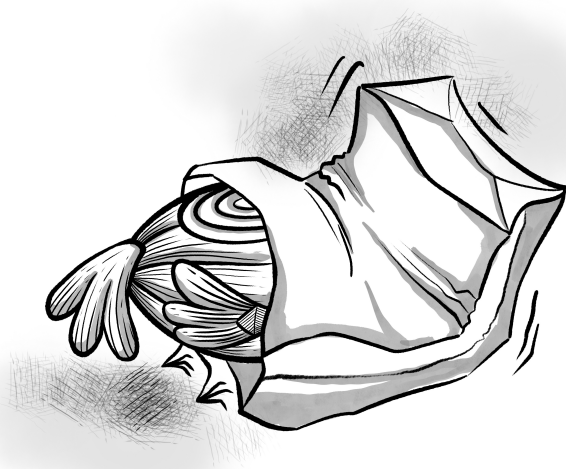
BAG CHIP BIRD AND
THE BIG BUSH FIRE

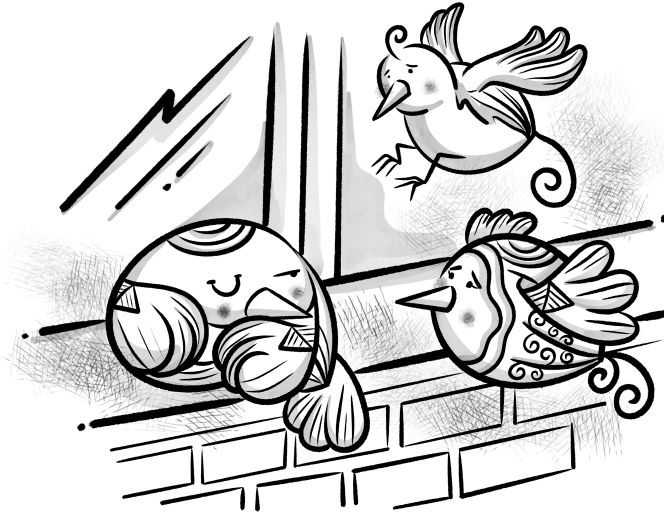
WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

CHILDREN'S FICTION



Bag Chip Bird and the big bushfire





I was fast asleep on the window ledge dreaming about worms. I was just about to eat a big fat juicy worm when I was awoken by my mate Cherry and CupCake. “hey Bag Chip, wake up, wake up, wake up“. There is a big bush fire coming and we need to fly to the lake island and wait till the fire passes.



Where we lived was next to a lake and in the middle of the lake was an island. I am not sure who decided to fly there and to be safe from the big bushfire but it was a great idea and as we left to fly there I could see the sky was full of birds with the same idea.



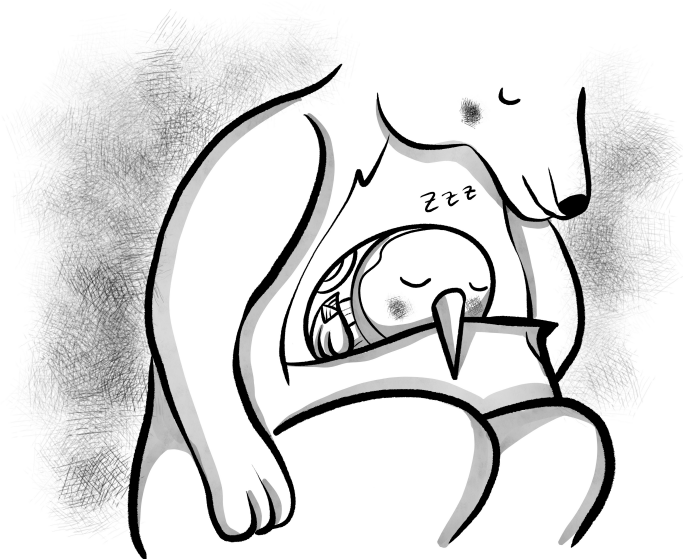
We made it to the island and settled in as the bushfire smoke made
everything seem
like nighttime.



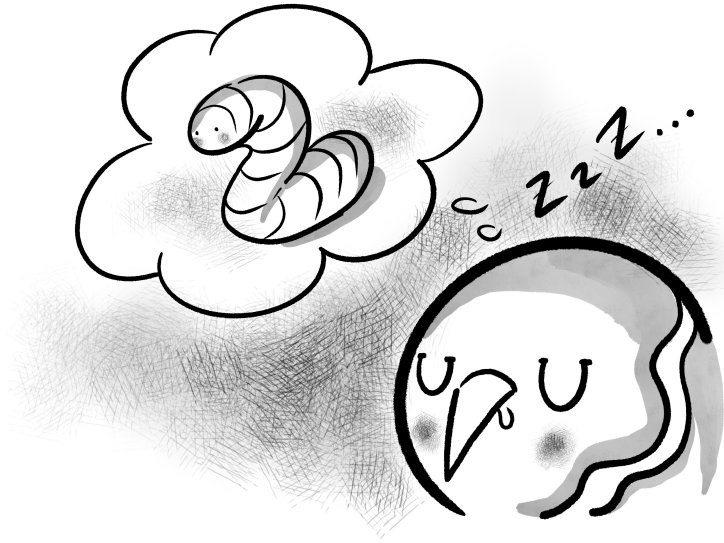
We could see the fire now as it reached the buildings but we also saw the
people leaving
so at least they were safe.



The fire jumped over the lake and our island. It was really scary, but we knew we were safe. I was talking to one of the kangaroos who had swum on the island. She said her great-grandfather had swum to the island for safety many years ago. The story was passed down through the generations by her family. This is how she knew when the fire came back one day, the island would be the safest place to be. Her name was Samantha. She was a kind kangaroo and let me sleep in her pouch till the fire passed.



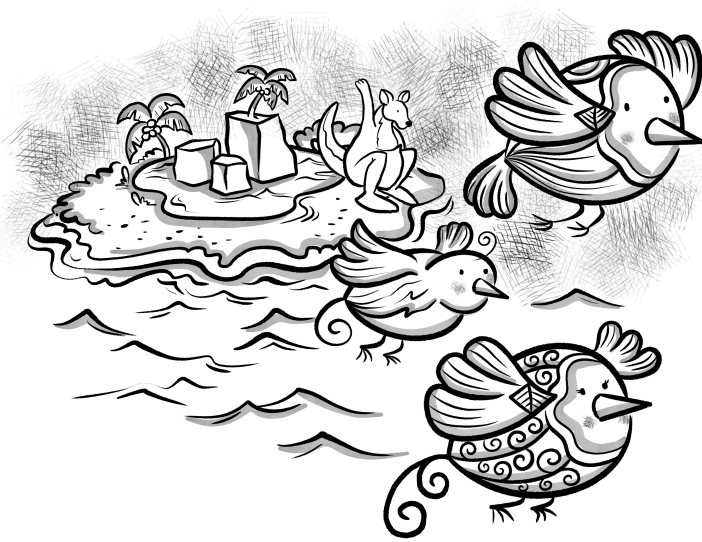
As I found out a kangaroos pouch is very comfortable. I fell fast asleep. I think I must have been tired from all the excitement of the bushfire.



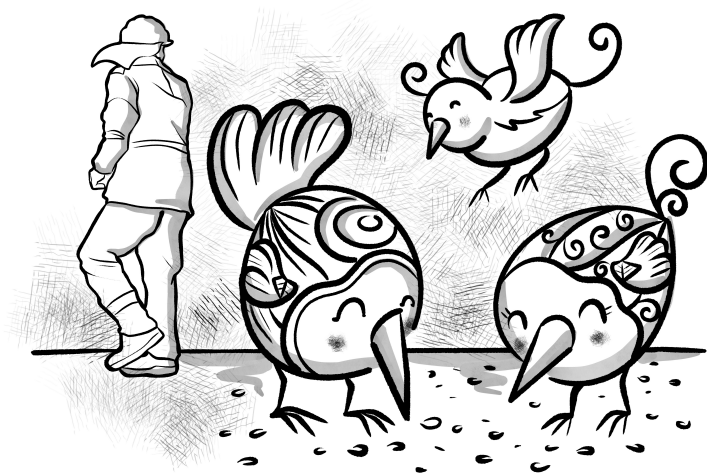
I was sound asleep and dreaming about, you guessed it, those tasty, fat, and juicy worms. You would think being called Bag Chip, I would dream about chips, but no it's always fat juicy worms. Oh, I love them so much.



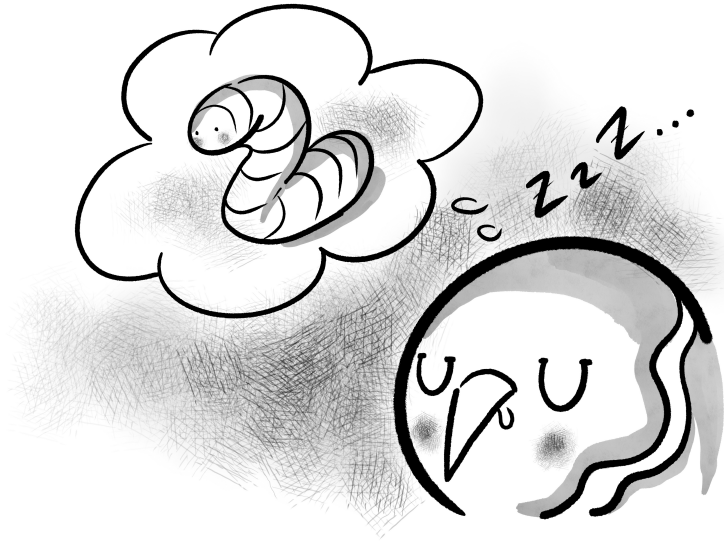
I woke up and at first wondered where I was and then remembered, I was in Samantha's pouch. Then I remembered the bushfire, oh my god, the bushfire. I poked my head out of Samantha's poach and was so surprised. The fire was gone, the sky was clear, and no smoke. It smelt a bit like ash but that was ok. I asked Samantha what happened. She said she knew I was having a good sleep and didn't want to wake me. The fire had passed over the island and we were all safe. Most of the animals had left the island and gone back to the mainland. Samantha was a true friend because she had waited for me to wake up.



I said thank you to Samantha and flew back to the mainland myself.
Samantha wanted to eat some more grass before she swam back.



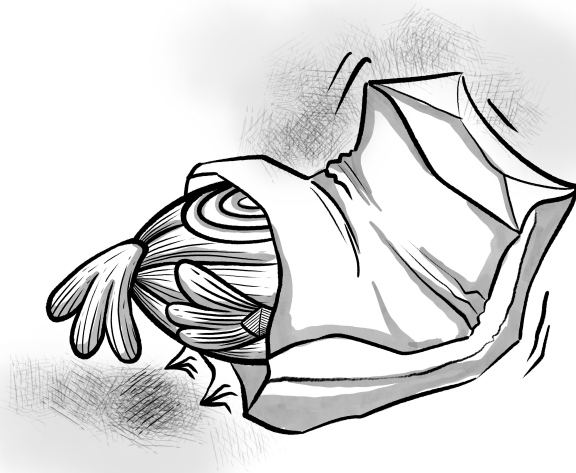
When I got back home Cherry and Cup Cake were both eating some food the firefighters had left. They asked me to join them. There was enough for everyone.



After an hour, we arrived back home. It was a long day and great to make a new friend, Samantha. The fire was now gone, it was also great to be back in my old sleeping spot, safe from cats and ready to start sleeping and dreaming about those fat tasty worms. I love worms.



I have some other stories, but they are for another day. Just remember, next time you have some chips, leave a few in the bag for your old mate Bag Chip and thank you.



The End



JAVA FREE PRESS



BAG CHIP BIRD

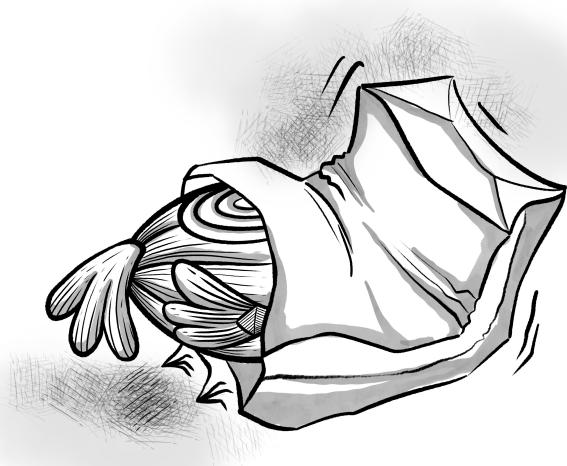
BAG CHIP BIRD
GOES TO THE ZOO

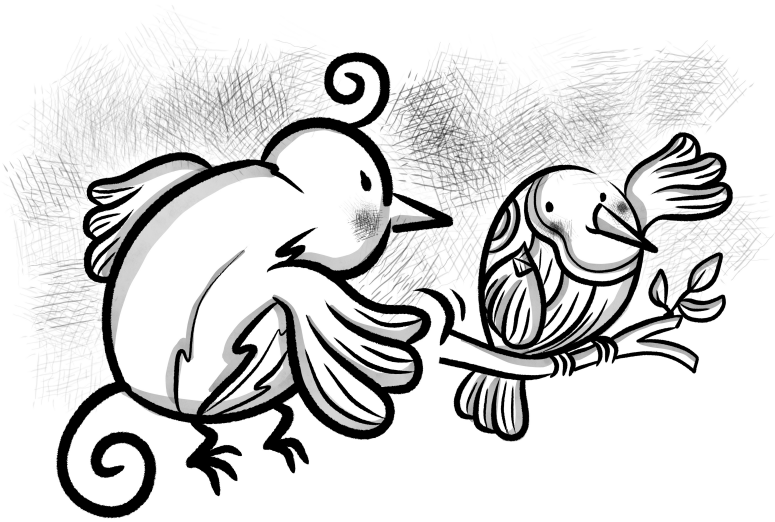
WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

CHILDREN'S FICTION



Bag Chip Bird goes to the zoo



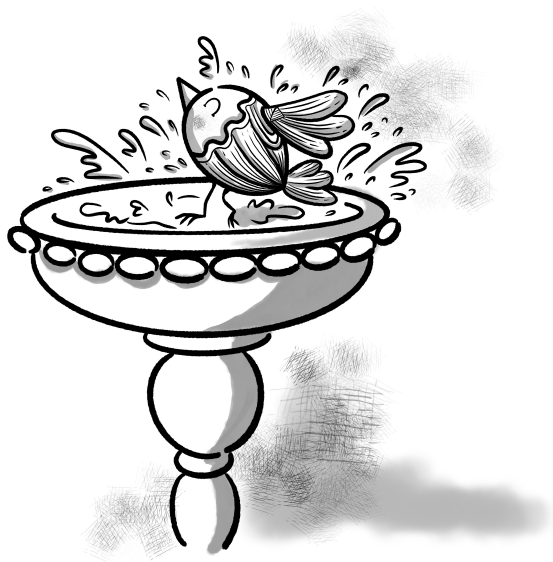


One day I was sitting in a tree away from the cats watching the people walk past when Cupcake landed near me. He was very excited as he had just read a sign that said today was the two for one day at the zoo. Wow I said to him you know we can just fly over the zoo fence; we don't have to pay. Yes, he said but the sign reminded me that we haven't seen our friends at the zoo for a long time. We both decided today was the day we would go to the zoo.



It was about a 20-minute flight to the zoo so we stopped in a park at the halfway point for something to eat and drink. This park was a good one that had great gardens and you guessed it, that meant big fat worms. We had to be careful though as we didn't want to make ourselves too full.

It's hard to fly when you're too full.



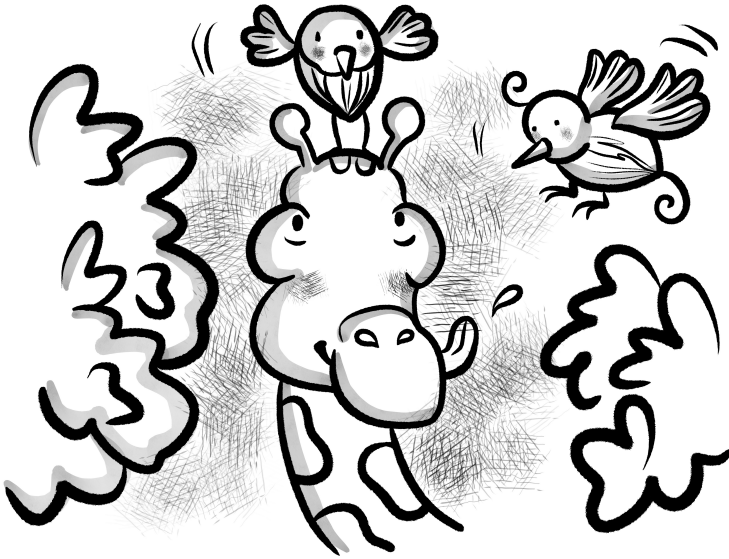
After our worm meal, I had a drink and bath in the bird bath. I wanted to make sure I looked my best for visiting my zoo friends.



We arrived at the zoo and I was so excited. We flew over the fence, so for us, it wasn't two for one. It was two for none. Sometimes being a bird was great because I could go to the zoo, football, concert, circus, or fair for free. They say a bird flies free in the sky but I fly free everywhere.



Once in the zoo we went straight to the home of my old mate Salty. Salty was a sea lion seal who moved into his zoo home after being caught in a fisherman's net. He was injured but made a full recovery and now lives at the zoo. "G'day Bag Chip, nice to see you." "Yeah, good to see you old mate what have you been up to," I said, "Oh, just swimming in my beautiful cool and deep pool and eating fish, They give you so much fish here, not like my old home, I don't have to catch these ones.



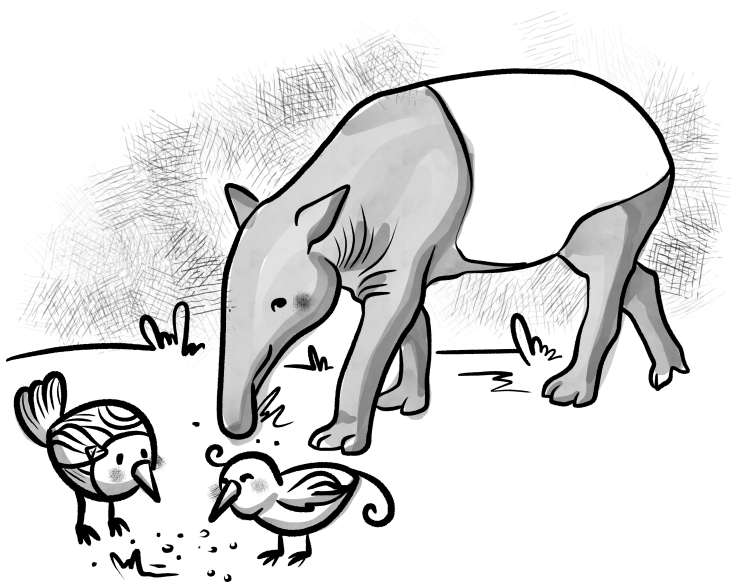
After I said goodbye to Salty, it was off to visit our next friend. This friend required me to and Cupcake to fly very high otherwise this friend might not see us. We landed on their head and they were surprised to see us. As you may know, giraffes have very long necks and Gerome's neck was exceptionally long. "Bag Chip, how have you been, hello Cupcake" we chatted with Gerome for about 30 minutes and he told us how he could see the bush fire from above the tree line. I guess having a long neck and very long legs gave you a bird's eye view, ha ha ha. But Gerome like most animals couldn't fly.



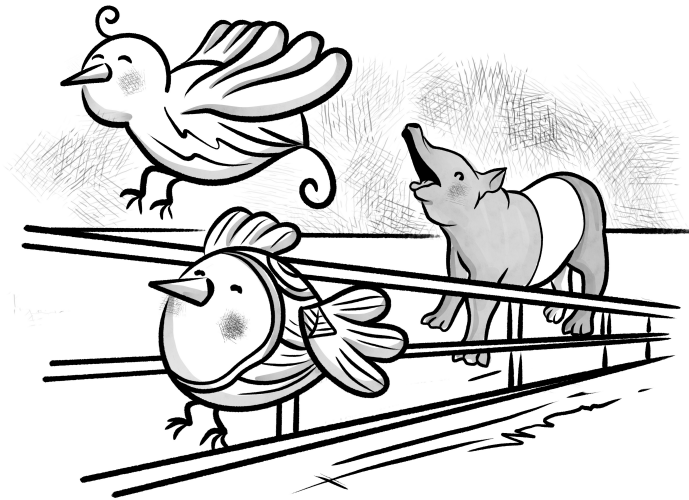
It was easy flying to see our next friend but they saw us coming. It was all downhill from Gerome's head to the meerkat enclosure. "Bag Chip and Cupcake are visiting" The meerkat look out and shouted in his squeaky little voice. By the time we landed, which wasn't long, there were about ten meerkats standing around us smiling and happy to see their old friends. There was Spot, Jimmy, Bongo, Ken, and Robert to name a few. They were so happy to see us and even gave us some morning tea, which was good as I was a bit hungry. We chatted for about an hour and they also introduced us to Jimmy the 2nd. This was Jimmy's new son. He was very cute; well, most meerkats are cute but the baby ones especially.



After saying goodbye to my meerkat friends, we flew through the zoo park to the reptile enclosure. I had an old friend there who I wanted to see. He was the oldest friend I had. Throckmorton had just celebrated his 116th birthday. He was a Sulcate tortoise and they live for a very long time. He told me how his body felt old but in his mind he still felt like a young fellow. He told me some stories about my great great great great grampa. He and Throckmorton were friends a long time ago. He said I was a lot like him which made me proud to be his friend too.



Our next visit was to be my last for the day. Another very dear friend Tamir. Tamir was an Oriental Tapir from Indonesia. I like visiting Tamir, he was a very gentle and kind Tapir. Every time I visited him, he always insisted on us having lunch with him. He told us how the zookeeper always gave him a lot of food. When he arrived at the zoo, he was a little thin and they were trying to get him to put on some weight. "I think they forgot I am not thin anymore Bag Chip, look how much food they have given me today," he said. "You must stay for lunch mate, and your little friend, fruit cake". ha ha ha ha "it's Cupcake silly," I said, as we looked at the pile of food which was to be our lunch.



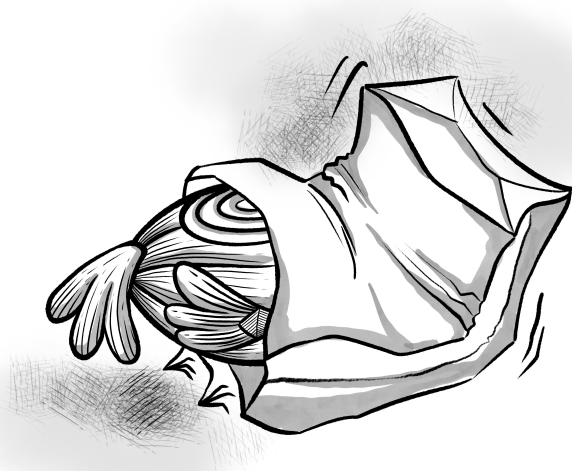
After a long day, and much food, saying goodbye to Tamir, we started to fly home. "Goodbye my dear friends Cupcake and Fruit cake," Tamir said as we flew away. "Why does he call me Fruit cake," said Cupcake. "Oh, he is just forgetful Cupcake and I suppose it doesn't help that fruit cake is his favourite cake. Keep flying Fruit Cake" I said "Very funny said Cupcake as we flew closer to home. The flight was a little hard having eaten all that food.



Anyway, that's about a day in my life. It's getting dark now, so time to find a nice safe place to sleep and dream about worms.



I have some other stories, but they are for another day. Just remember,
next time you have some chips, leave a few in the bag for your old mate
Bag Chip and thank you.



The End

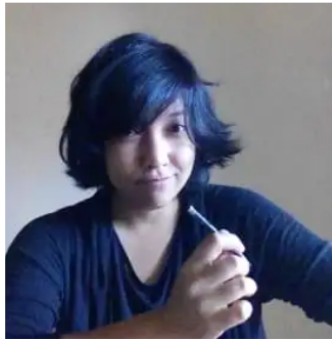
About the author



William Dirk Mayberry is an Australian writer and independent digital publisher based in West Java, Indonesia. Writing across fiction, memoir, essays, educational works, self-help, and reflective nonfiction, his work explores memory, resilience, observation, and everyday human experience through a direct and personal style. His interest in storytelling began during his service in the Royal Australian Navy and later developed into a growing catalogue of independently published digital works released under the Java Free Press imprint. His publications include memoirs such as *The Longest Way Home*, children's stories from the Bag Chip Bird series, practical educational titles from the 101 Self Help collection, and speculative fiction projects including the Crononaught Collection. Influenced by writers such as Robert Louis Stevenson, his work combines realism, introspection, and accessible storytelling across a range of genres and formats.

About the Illustrator

Geinisa P.



An inspirational and upcoming artist from Bandung, Indonesia, Geinisa P has an extensive portfolio of work and six years of illustrating experience. Her ability to build usable user interfaces and user experiences has provided her with an opportunity to pursue a life of freelancing her skills as an illustrator. This has allowed her to realise a flexible, balanced, honest, and professional career as a prominent artist.

Throughout W. D Mayberry's children's book series, Bag Chip Bird, Geinisa P's illustrations provide the story with fun and vibrant characters who come to life, capturing young readers' attention and imaginations.

Geinisa P. can be contacted to create more beautiful artwork and illustrations via the Freelancer website @ <https://www.freelancer.com/u/saiyaneia>

Java Free Press Archive

This publication forms part of the Java Free Press archival collection.

All works are released exclusively in digital formats through Java Free Press and are freely available through the Internet Archive, a non-profit digital library dedicated to preservation and open public access to books, media, and historical material. Titles are published in a range of digital formats and are available worldwide free of charge for personal, educational, and non-commercial use.

Additional works by William Dirk Mayberry can be accessed through the Internet Archive collection: archive.org/@william_mayberry

